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Laura Sherry

A WOODSMAN

Yes, I know—
I'm tryin' to hog these woods.
I'm worse than any capitalist or corporation judge or profiteer.
But, damn it!—
I couldn't live in one o' them neat little cities—
I'd smother.
I like to live in a lean-to tent,
Its peak against the air,
With the flap up so's I can breathe;
And in the winter, jest outside for company,
A big fire burnin'.
No, I ain't advertisin' anythin' around here.
It's for them to come who has the eyes to see.
And—sufferin' Moses!—
I ain't prayin' God to give 'em eyes.
Can't everybody live in the woods—it ain't big enough.
Some have got to live in the city.

JEAN JOSEPH ROLETTE

Jean Joseph Rolette,
Captain of the fortress of Prairie du Chien,
Envoy extraordinary from John Jacob Astor, New York,
Owner of pelts of the Northwest.

Jean Joseph Rolette,

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Your tomb stands high on the bluff
Commanding the river, the Northwest and your widow.
You tamed the blood of the red Indian;
Made a fortune in furs;
Captured in St. Louis the most beautiful woman in the Mississippi valley.
Your passionate blood, on that adventurous honeymoon,
Sang lustily
As your paddle cut into the strong current;
And your canoe, with its precious voyager,
Shot through the waves three hundred miles up the great river.

Under an arrogant stone on the hill
Your humble ashes rest.
Peace lies on the valley.

But there is adventure in barter,
And the blood of swift spirits is on the scent.
Your rival has captured the fur-trading post,
Built a fine house boldly facing the hill,
Defying your arrogant tomb;
And married your widow.

LOUIS DES CHIENS

The ground under the apple-trees is flat,
Like any other ground.
Louis des Chiens, as he sits in his doorway,